

THE EVENING STORY.

HABEAS CORPUS.

BY FRANK CONDON.

It was exactly five minutes after 2 in the morning when Billy Nawn sat upon the edge of his three-quarter bed on the top floor of Mrs. Flynn's boarding house in West 30th street. He looked about the darkened hall and grinned amiably.

"It ain't daylight yet," he muttered, "but this has got to be done; it's something that won't wait." He struck a match, lighted the gas and began to dress.

"I was in need of a shave; in dressing hurriedly his garments slipped on with out any particular regard for exactitude, and he omitted lacing his shoes. He went out without his hat and walked east on 30th street until he came to 5th avenue.

At 8 o'clock on the following morning Billy sat on a bench in Madison Square Park. He opened his eyes and gazed about him in bewilderment. On a bench across the narrow asphalt walk sat a newsboy, his feet curled beneath him, his papers by his side.

"Hello, kid," said Billy, cheerfully. "What time is it?"

"It's about time for you to go to bed," replied the molder of public opinion. "Been sitting up all night, have you?"

"If you mean that I've been drinking you're down on a sour," Billy responded. "I don't drink, infant, and don't you drink either. Where do you get that funny notion?"

"Oh, nowhere, only I've been sitting here for an hour or two listening to you babble about some 'fiddle' and 'running brooks' and what a regular old party your aunt was. I kept two cops off 'telling' you your guardian, so I ought to get a nickel out of you."

Billy placed his hand on his head and discovered the absence of hat. He glanced at his clothing and felt no joy in the process. Vaguely, the memories of the night filtered through his numbed brain and he set up stiffly on the bench, unconsciously he laid his hand against his chest and smiled as he touched the bulky envelope.

"Here's a quarter, kid," he said, rising to his feet. "I guess I must have had some of that 'fiddle' of it, but you're wrong about the booze. It was overwork, kid, because it will certainly interfere with your slumber."

Thanks for sliding the coin alone. He rose and started down the path. "I wish it was booze," he muttered, "because if it ain't, it's something worse."

Mr. Nawn found that his hands (which he had left on the bench) were cold. He had eaten lightly and had sat for a while on the front steps talking to Mrs. Flynn. He had come to bed. Why he had wandered out of the house half clad to the park on Fifth avenue was beyond his understanding.

For six weeks he had toiled desperately. His immediate employer in the book-binding department had come to him with an important detail and when he had begun the special work selected for him he had not understood it. His employer was a large one. Its president was Maurice Musheim. There were vice presidents, secretaries, bookkeepers and a host of experts, annual meetings and the directors. An annual meeting of the directors was held at his house. He was a man of affairs, a man of business, a man of power. He was a man of affairs, a man of business, a man of power.

Then came six weeks of the kind of work that brings the black lines under a man's eyes and the hollows in his cheeks. Night after night Billy came home to the boarding house pale and shaky.

a year's work, and he don't care the price of a shine whether I bust up my mental cogwheels as long as I do it. Oh, well, I'll be a sport, if I only last a minute."

Billy finished at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. He folded the heavy papers into a blue envelope and thrust it into his coat.

"I'm going out and take a walk," he said to Craig. "I may not return this afternoon, but the job is done. It won't take twenty minutes to transcribe to the books, and I'd like to make a final fix on it. I don't get back this afternoon, I'll be in early in the morning. What time does this board meeting occur?"

"Noon," replied Craig. "You know what it means unless everything is lovely by that time."

"I know, all right. And right after Mr. Musheim is re-elected president of this whitened sepulcher, I'm going to stick in a small bid for more salary."

"You'll get it, if my word goes," said Craig. "And I think it goes."

At dinner Billy acted oddly. At 9 he climbed up four flights and laid himself out on the bed. Forthwith he began the serious business of examining the inside of his head, and the next morning found him in Madison Square Park under the suspicious eye of the newsboy.

He walked north on 5th avenue. The steady surge all around him soothed his jangling nerves. People glanced at him half pityingly. He clenched his jaws together and tried to stave off the recurring attacks of shakes. At 20th street he saw an opening in the line of vehicles, and it occurred to him that the opposite side of the avenue possessed many advantages. He stepped from the sidewalk, dodged a hustling taxicab, crossed the street and stood on the corner, leaning against the west curb. A liveried chauffeur yelled, the traffic policeman barked at him hoarsely. The radiator of a big touring car came suddenly before his dizzy eyes and struck him in the chest. Billy Nawn crumpled up like wet paper and dropped to the asphalt.

When he opened his eyes he was sitting on the curb with his back against a lamp pole. The traffic policeman was holding his hand, and somebody with a pointed beard was pouring a scorching stream of abuse upon him. Billy Nawn struck him was purring softly before him. In the tonneau was a heavy-jowled individual and a smiling young woman.

"How is he?" the policeman inquired. "Shaken up a bit," replied the man with the pointed beard. "No bones broken, as far as I can see. Narrow rub for you, young man."

Billy smiled feebly. The usual New York crowd was passing in a circle, and he shouldered each other roughly to get a view of the victim.

"The wheels missed him," said the policeman as Billy closed his eyes. "These d—n bumps get lanked up and naturally stand in front of motor cars."

"He isn't drunk," said the physician disinterestedly. "He'll be all right."

The heavy man in the car was standing with the side door half opened. The girl was leaning forward, her face a trifle pale. Billy opened his eyes again and smiled at the world.

"What he needs now is a dash of fresh air," continued the physician. He turned to the man in the car. "Why don't you take him in the machine and spin him up through the park? In twenty minutes he'll be as good as new."

for his bed. For an instant he whispered with the nurse. Then he addressed Billy.

"There's a gentleman to see you," he said. "His name is Mr. Musheim and he seems to be in a hurry. His car is waiting outside and he wants to talk to you on important business. He says he can't possibly wait unless you're dead or unconscious."

Billy sank back on the pillow and eyed the interne amiably.

"Tell him," he said, smilingly, "tell him I'm sorry I can't see him, and say to him that it's his own fault and that the police will take perfectly good care of him."

(THE END.)

Dr. C. J. Owens Delivers Church Address on Commercial Congress Effort for Legislation.

Dr. Clarence J. Owens, managing director of the Southern Commercial Congress, delivered an address last night before the men's organization of the Mount Pleasant Congregational Church, in which he called attention to the importance of extending aid to the farmer by legislation along rural credit lines, such as President Wilson proposed in his recent message to Congress.

Dr. Owens declared that the Southern Commercial Congress had initiated a campaign for such legislation. He told of the work of the American commission sent abroad recently to study the condition of farmers and their financial problems. He said, in part:

"The American Commission on Agricultural Co-operation represents one of the three great forces within our democracy. A second force is labor; the third is capital. The experiment of democracy has been carried far enough to establish these facts that for the development of strength, self-reliance and resourcefulness within the individual there is no other form of government comparable to our own. But, secondly, that democracy demands, not only a high standard of citizenship, but a poise and balance among the social forces of the republic."

Aim of Commission.

"It is with the maintenance of this balance that the commission is concerned. The balance to be maintained within our republic is between the radical and the conservative. That is true, but there have come changes in the organization of civilization today which our farmers have not adopted. It is the principle of coalition among laborers and farmers. For the farmers we speak of it as co-operation."

Personal to Rivermen.

Capt. Frank Taylor of Taylor & Bro., tugboat owners of this city, has gone to New Haven, Conn. to look after the work of the tug Advance, of this city, which is in service there.

Dwinell-Wright Co.'s Famous Boston-Roasted Coffees

Statistics say the consumption of coffee in the U. S. per week is about 576,000,000 CUPS. Are you getting your share of the famous WHITE HOUSE COFFEE? You can buy it anywhere.

WOMEN WORTH WHILE.

THEIR FRIVOLITIES, INTERESTS AND HOBBIES.

MRS. REED SMOOT.



Mrs. Reed Smoot goes to market, mothers six children, gives dinners without the aid of a waitress, embroiders her own linen and—custom of a bygone day—she finds time personally to administer every small detail of her household affairs, is such a housekeeper, in fact, as your grandmother was, and is a famous cook into the bargain.

That is never more, in the history of civilization," Mrs. Smoot says, "so many inventions and devices to make woman's work in the home attractive. In these days every convenience is practically within reach of the woman of modern means. Think of the happiness a woman of two generations ago would have derived from some of the simplest and most inexpensive contrivances that we find in the humblest homes today!"

"Yet, in spite of all this, women today seem to love their homes less than they ever did before. It looks like the great majority of them go outside their homes in search of happiness. I have often wondered why this condition should exist, but I have never been able to reach a satisfactory conclusion about it. That it does undoubtedly exist, I regard as calamitous. 'Certain it is that the home is the province of woman's happiness as well as usefulness. This may sound like a platitude in this advanced day and time. But I wish there were more sermons preached on this text.'

I know by experience that the job of homemaking is a big one. I am the mother of six children and the companion of each of them. My daughters and I sew together by the hour. My sons are my most confidential friends. It is a wonder that I, who have so much happiness in being mother and homemaker, should advocate these professions for other women."

"This from a woman who has more than once voted at the polls of Utah, been president of political club in her state and is thoroughly informed on the politics of the day."

Senator and Mrs. Smoot and their six children are members of the Church of Latter Day Saints, a denomination popularly known in the east as Mormons. "Our faith," says Mrs. Smoot, "is very dear to us. We observe the rules of our church as faithfully and as conscientiously as we possibly can, although there is no organization of Latter Day Saints in Washington."

The names of the children of Senator and Mrs. Smoot are Harold, Chloe, Harlow, Annie K., Zella and Ernest. They also have three grandchildren. Senator and Mrs. Smoot built their home in Washington. It is a spacious and beautiful house, planned after their own ideas, and is superbly furnished, with a handsomely equipped music room as a feature of the first floor. Mrs. Smoot's bedroom, on the second floor, is a big, sunny apartment, with bright-colored hangings and upholsteries, vases of flowers and family photographs. This is the family sitting room, where the happiest hours of Senator and Mrs. Smoot and their children are passed.

Charles Wright was held up in the railway yards at Petersburg, Va., by two negroes, who got \$2.25.

"Qualities High." Prices Low.

Store Hours: 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

work in the home attractive. In these days every convenience is practically within reach of the woman of modern means. Think of the happiness a woman of two generations ago would have derived from some of the simplest and most inexpensive contrivances that we find in the humblest homes today!"

"Yet, in spite of all this, women today seem to love their homes less than they ever did before. It looks like the great majority of them go outside their homes in search of happiness. I have often wondered why this condition should exist, but I have never been able to reach a satisfactory conclusion about it. That it does undoubtedly exist, I regard as calamitous. 'Certain it is that the home is the province of woman's happiness as well as usefulness. This may sound like a platitude in this advanced day and time. But I wish there were more sermons preached on this text.'

I know by experience that the job of homemaking is a big one. I am the mother of six children and the companion of each of them. My daughters and I sew together by the hour. My sons are my most confidential friends. It is a wonder that I, who have so much happiness in being mother and homemaker, should advocate these professions for other women."

"This from a woman who has more than once voted at the polls of Utah, been president of political club in her state and is thoroughly informed on the politics of the day."

Senator and Mrs. Smoot and their six children are members of the Church of Latter Day Saints, a denomination popularly known in the east as Mormons. "Our faith," says Mrs. Smoot, "is very dear to us. We observe the rules of our church as faithfully and as conscientiously as we possibly can, although there is no organization of Latter Day Saints in Washington."

The names of the children of Senator and Mrs. Smoot are Harold, Chloe, Harlow, Annie K., Zella and Ernest. They also have three grandchildren. Senator and Mrs. Smoot built their home in Washington. It is a spacious and beautiful house, planned after their own ideas, and is superbly furnished, with a handsomely equipped music room as a feature of the first floor. Mrs. Smoot's bedroom, on the second floor, is a big, sunny apartment, with bright-colored hangings and upholsteries, vases of flowers and family photographs. This is the family sitting room, where the happiest hours of Senator and Mrs. Smoot and their children are passed.

Charles Wright was held up in the railway yards at Petersburg, Va., by two negroes, who got \$2.25.

"Qualities High." Prices Low.

Store Hours: 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

ADDED TO OYSTER FLEET.

Schooner Idella A. Moore Sails Under Her New Owner.

Work of putting the two-masted river schooner Idella A. Moore in order for service was completed yesterday by Capt. "Bill" Gibson, her owner and master, and the vessel was brought into the oyster wharf to take on supplies. This morning she went into commission, and under sail left here for Rappahannock point to load oysters for this market.

The Moore has been lying idle, at anchor in the harbor, since last fall, when Capt. Gibson purchased her as she lay at the wharf market with watermelons aboard. This is the first time she has left port under the command of her new owner.

The Idella A. Moore is a two-masted craft of 62 net tons register, and is 85.5 feet long, 22.2 feet beam and 8.5 feet deep in the hold. She was built in Somerset county, Md., in 1870, and when purchased hailed from Crisfield, Md. During the remainder of the winter she will be employed in oyster running, but in the spring will take up fishing on the river.

Overturned Candle Starts Fire.

The overturning of a lighted candle on a Christmas tree at the house of John H. Crosson, 1511 Wisconsin avenue, early last evening, started a fire that caused \$220 damage. Unable to extinguish the fire, occupants of the house turned in an alarm from a nearby box, and the prompt response of the fire department prevented the fire from spreading through the house.

The name Dioxogen

was adopted to distinguish this practically chemically pure peroxide of hydrogen from other and inferior kinds.

Therefore it is obvious that in buying it you should demand it by name and refuse any form of impure peroxide.

The name Dioxogen

was adopted to distinguish this practically chemically pure peroxide of hydrogen from other and inferior kinds.

Therefore it is obvious that in buying it you should demand it by name and refuse any form of impure peroxide.

The name Dioxogen

was adopted to distinguish this practically chemically pure peroxide of hydrogen from other and inferior kinds.

Therefore it is obvious that in buying it you should demand it by name and refuse any form of impure peroxide.

work in the home attractive. In these days every convenience is practically within reach of the woman of modern means. Think of the happiness a woman of two generations ago would have derived from some of the simplest and most inexpensive contrivances that we find in the humblest homes today!"

"Yet, in spite of all this, women today seem to love their homes less than they ever did before. It looks like the great majority of them go outside their homes in search of happiness. I have often wondered why this condition should exist, but I have never been able to reach a satisfactory conclusion about it. That it does undoubtedly exist, I regard as calamitous. 'Certain it is that the home is the province of woman's happiness as well as usefulness. This may sound like a platitude in this advanced day and time. But I wish there were more sermons preached on this text.'

I know by experience that the job of homemaking is a big one. I am the mother of six children and the companion of each of them. My daughters and I sew together by the hour. My sons are my most confidential friends. It is a wonder that I, who have so much happiness in being mother and homemaker, should advocate these professions for other women."

"This from a woman who has more than once voted at the polls of Utah, been president of political club in her state and is thoroughly informed on the politics of the day."

Senator and Mrs. Smoot and their six children are members of the Church of Latter Day Saints, a denomination popularly known in the east as Mormons. "Our faith," says Mrs. Smoot, "is very dear to us. We observe the rules of our church as faithfully and as conscientiously as we possibly can, although there is no organization of Latter Day Saints in Washington."

The names of the children of Senator and Mrs. Smoot are Harold, Chloe, Harlow, Annie K., Zella and Ernest. They also have three grandchildren. Senator and Mrs. Smoot built their home in Washington. It is a spacious and beautiful house, planned after their own ideas, and is superbly furnished, with a handsomely equipped music room as a feature of the first floor. Mrs. Smoot's bedroom, on the second floor, is a big, sunny apartment, with bright-colored hangings and upholsteries, vases of flowers and family photographs. This is the family sitting room, where the happiest hours of Senator and Mrs. Smoot and their children are passed.

Charles Wright was held up in the railway yards at Petersburg, Va., by two negroes, who got \$2.25.

"Qualities High." Prices Low.

Store Hours: 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

The name Dioxogen

was adopted to distinguish this practically chemically pure peroxide of hydrogen from other and inferior kinds.

Therefore it is obvious that in buying it you should demand it by name and refuse any form of impure peroxide.

The name Dioxogen

was adopted to distinguish this practically chemically pure peroxide of hydrogen from other and inferior kinds.

New York Washington Paris

Julius Garfinke & Co.

A Clearance Sale of Women's Trimmed Hats

At \$5.00
Hats that were from \$10.00 to \$18.50.

At \$7.50
Hats that were from \$12.50 to \$22.50.

At \$10.00
Hats that were from \$15.00 to \$28.50.

January Sale of Muslin Underwear
(French and Domestic)

This is the most remarkable sale of Underwear in the history of the store.

Gowns, Corset Covers, Combinations, Skirts, Chemise and Drawers.

Values, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.25, \$3.00, \$4.50
Prices, 45c, 65c, 95c, \$1.45, \$1.95, \$2.95

Exquisite Bridal Sets of interest to prospective brides are shown at very special prices.

F Street, Corner Thirteenth.

Hoeke & Crittenden
1207 G Street

Closing Out Sale

ENTIRE STOCK MUST BE SOLD BY ORDER OF TRUSTEES TO SETTLE ESTATE OF THE LATE JOHN E. CRITTENDEN

\$10,000 Stock—Highest Grade

RUGS

—AT—

Tremendous Sacrifice

All Brand-New 1913-1914 Patterns

Chance of a Lifetime to Get a Rug of Real Quality at a Real Bargain Price.

These include Fine Whitall Wilton Rugs, Anglo-Persian Wilton, Anglo-Indian Wilton, Royal Worcester Wilton and Selkirk Wilton Rugs, the highest grade Wilton Rugs made in this country—Body Brussels, Sanford Axminster, Smith Axminster Rugs and Woolen Fiber, Deltex and All-Fiber Rugs—Bissell Carpet Sweepers, Novelty and Lace Curtains.

The Trustees Are Also Closing Out Thousands of Dollars' Worth of Fine Furniture at Unparalleled Low Prices.

January Reduction on Women's Bath Robes

Going to reduce prices on bath robes so as to reduce stock. Included are Blanket and Eiderdown Robes, in pretty colors and all desirable styles.

PRICES WERE \$2.96 to \$5.98.
PRICES NOW \$2.38 to \$4.78.
Second Floor—Bath Robes.

Another Chance Tomorrow to Buy at Low Sale Prices These Lovely Laces and Embroideries

This is the best Lace and Embroidery Sale we have ever presented to Washington women—best in point of variety—quality and lowness of price. From the many items in the sale we pick these to tell about tomorrow:

LINEN TORCHON LACES, 3 to 4 inches wide, 8c and 10c qualities. Sale price, a yard, 4c only.

EMBROIDERY FLOUNCINGS, 18 inches wide, in neat designs on swiss background, strong edges, 85c value. Special sale price, yard, 38c.

SHADOW FLOUNCINGS, 18 inches wide, 10 designs, choice white or ecru. 35c value. Special sale price, a yard, 20c.

EMBROIDERY FLOUNCINGS, 18 inches wide, beautiful designs on swiss background. Regular 50c value. Special sale price, a yard, 27c.

SHADOW FLOUNCINGS, 18 inches wide, in white or ecru, in floral designs. Value, 85c a yard. Special sale price, 63c a yard.

SHADOW LACES, 2 1/2 to 5 inches wide, attractive designs. Value, 15c to 25c a yard. Choice at the sale price, a yard, 10c.

January Reductions on Chiffon and Lace Dress Waists Are Very Deep.

Waists are to be worn more during 1914 than the past year, and in face of this popularity we have reduced our Dress Waists as follows:

Waists now \$2.99
Worth up to \$6.

Waists now \$3.99
Worth up to \$8.

Waists now \$4.99
Worth up to \$10.

Waists now \$6.99
Worth up to \$15.

January Reductions Show Big Savings in Dress Goods Wednesday

These special offerings will appeal to women who appreciate "quality" dress goods.

40c Wool Fig-ured Challis. Light and dark grounds. 27 inches wide. \$1.25 Crepe Tussah, yard.

50c Wool Serge, a yard. All-wool Navy Blue Storm Serge, 38 inches wide, at this special price tomorrow.

75c Cream Diagonal, yd. Choice of Cream Diagonal or Wilton, in 36 inch width, and much used for making skirts, dresses, etc. Main Floor—8th St. Annex—Dress Goods.

January Reductions on Glace Taffetas Will Be Strong in Favor This Spring.

Fashion authorities all predict the return to popular favor of Glace Taffetas. We have just received an advance shipment of these taffetas and can quote the following prices:

GLACE CHIFFON TAFFETAS, soft finish; 36 inches wide; in light and dark colorings, with attractive warp design. Value, \$1.69. Special value at a yard, \$1.25.

GLACE CHIFFON TAFFETAS, in 36 inch wide, attractive designs, in light and dark color combinations, in light and dark effects. 36 inches wide. Special value, a yard, \$1.25.

Main Floor—8th St. Annex—Silk Section.